# THE LIGHTS OF HOME

IT is an extraordinary fact that many persons of intelligence will spend all their lives in India without seeking to know anything of the tenets of that great faith, the mother religion of our race, of whom all other religions are offspring.

Yet some of the world's greatest intellects, including Asia's wisest men of action, as well as Europe's profoundest thinkers, have abased themselves before the Hindu religion, which is as a loving mother welcoming back way-worn children from the pathless jungles of agnosticism to her sheltering bosom.

Akbar, when he could not sleep at night, passed the hours in converse with a brahman brought to his bedside, and so Hegel became a convert, and Schopenhauer, he who more than any other sounded the depths of sorrow, said that the Vedanta had been the mainstay of Ms life, would be his solace in death. It appeals alike to the primitive instincts of the savage, to the wild Gond, as well as to the



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